

SUNDAY WORLD FEATURES.

Democratic Campaign Clubs, with Portraits of Officers.
Katie Big's Chat with a New York Hangman.
Women Detectives and How They Do Their Work.
The Harrow of a Ship-Shop—White Girl Slave.
ANOTHER MAMMOTH NEWSPAPER FILLED
WITH STORIES AND SKETCHES.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

SHE SWINDLED SIX HUNDRED

OLD MRS. SUSAN MYERS PLAYED A GREAT SYMPATHETIC PART.

Brokers and Business Men by Hundreds
Fell Victims to Her Wiles and \$20,000
Was Won—She Was a Woman of
Vast Power and a Clever Trickster—A
Clever Make-Up and Fuged Letters
From Clergymen Did the Business.

Police Capt. William McLaughlin and his
warranted a stout, well-built German
woman before Justice White in the Tombs
Police Court this morning on a charge of
swindling a number of people out of sums of
money ranging from \$5 to \$25.

The prisoner gave her name as Susan
Smith, aged fifty-five, and with a sorrowful
shaking of the head declared she had "no
more."

The police knew her better by the name of
Susan Myers. She has been swindling people
all over the country for fifteen years past.
Several times she has been arrested and im-
prisoned, but always received slight pen-
alties.

There is something of a mystery about the
woman.

She claims to have been married to a re-
spectable man, who she says is dead, and
that while he was alive she lived an honest
life. She says that she took to swindling
people for a living after her husband died.

It is known that she has a son, a respect-
able young married man in this city. For a
long time he did not know of his mother's
evil ways, but after she had been arrested
once he learned the truth. The disgrace
nearly killed him. When she was released
from prison he tried to reform her, but find-
ing his efforts unsuccessful, he disowned
her and put her from his home. That was
several years ago.

Since then she has served a term of two
years in the Kings County Penitentiary, but
the New York police had heard nothing of
her for three years until about two weeks
ago. Then Capt. McLaughlin began to re-
ceive one or two complaints daily from busi-
ness men in his precinct who "had been
swindled by an old-fashioned old German
woman."

The first case that came to the Captain's
ears was that of William Thompson, a coffee
broker at 36 Front street. The old woman
went into his office about three weeks ago
crying bitterly. She seemed bent with age.
The soiled and ragged handkerchief that
she held in her hand was a witness to the
fact that she had been crying for some
time. She told him that she had been
ordered gray hair that fell in sandy ringlets
about the old woman's neck. She wore only
a ragged white dress, and her hands were
not fit to be seen.

Her appearance alone excited Mr. Thomp-
son's pity. Kindly he asked her what he
could do for her.

She said she had a son or two who told him
that her only son lived in the hospital for in-
curables. His body would be interred in
Potter's field if she could not raise money
enough to bury him decently.

"I know you are a charitable man," she
moaned. "You look good and kind, and be-
sides I was told to apply to you by Mr. Dilts."
As she said this she produced a visiting card
of the Rev. A. Reed Dilts, the pastor of the
church in Plainfield, N. J., which Mr.
Thompson attended.

Even if he had no doubt of the genuin-
ess of the woman's appeal, the card would
have not all suspicion at rest, so he gave the
poor woman \$20, and the addresses of sev-
eral of his friends, and let her go away.

When he saw his pastor next time he spoke
to him about the unfortunate woman, but
Mr. Dilts did not know her and had never
heard of her. Mr. Thompson got angry and
shortly after reported the case to Capt. Mc-
Laughlin.

In the station-house he met Charles A.
Haines, a stock broker at 81 New Street, who
said he worked for the pastor next time he
saw him. He lost \$15. He also lives in
Plainfield, and it was Dr. Dilts's card that
opened his purse so readily also.

Since then about twenty-eight cases were
reported at the station-house.

Detectives Oates and Nugent knew the
woman years ago and recognized her immedi-
ately.

They brought her to the station-house,
where she confessed her guilt, and said that,
altogether, she had swindled over six hun-
dred people in the last few years. In court
this morning the following complaints were
made against her:

S. L. Haines, of 202 West Forty-third
street, lost \$10 July 25 last.

John Morris, 125 West 45th street, was
swindled out of \$15 July 30.

James S. Coward, 270 Greenwich street, \$10
Aug. 22, and J. J. Coyne, of Elizabeth, N. J.,
\$10 Sept. 28.

Mrs. Myers was held for trial.

PITCHER GETS SEVEN YEARS.

His Sentence Considered Light—Proceed-
ings to Recover.

MONTREAL, Sept. 29.—Pitcher, the defau-
lting cashier of the Providence Bank, was sen-
tenced to seven years in the penitentiary this
morning for bringing stolen money into
Canada.

It was generally expected that he would be
given the full limit of the law, fourteen
years, and Chief Justice Dorian's sentence is
considered lenient.

Proceedings are now being taken in the
civil courts for the recovery of the notes and
bills of exchange now in the hands of High
Constable Bissonnette.

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Fox and the Southern.
Richard K. Fox will put up \$5,000 for the
southern athletes to contest for, or he will give
them the American champion, \$1,000 for ex-
penses to New Orleans, and the winner of the
challenge cup and the single all-around cham-
pionship of the world.

Chief Byrnes's Condition.
Inspector Byrnes is walking about the room this
morning and hopes with reasonable ease to be at
Police Headquarters by Saturday next.

He is suffering under the restraints of a sick room and
is very anxious to take hold of the helm in his
Bureau.

The Irish Hurters.
Read the specially illustrated article on the Irish
team of athletes and hurters in the lower of our
columns. With a complete novel.

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All the Employees Thoroughly
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The Man Who Stole It Said to Have
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THE EVENING WORLD is again the means of
bringing to light another bank robbery. The
amount stolen is \$5,800 and the victim the
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secret.

The bank is located in the First National
Bank Building, at 2 Wall street, on the sec-
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\$1,000,000. Its President is John J. Knox;
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Mr. Knox was at one time Comptroller of
the United States Treasury under the Republi-
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The bank was opened for business at 9.30
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Many thousands of dollars changed hands
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as busy as bees counting and recounting great
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Trinity's bell across the way rung out 10
o'clock, when suddenly it was discovered in
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bills was missing.

One of the tellers asserted that he turned
the money over to another teller.

Cashier Pullen immediately proceeded to
recover the missing money, and the detective
at the door was warned of the loss. Little
was said for a time, but every man in the
bank except the leading officers was under
close scrutiny.

A Pinkerton detective was sent for, and
came in immediately afterwards and aided in
the watch on the employees. Every avenue of
escape, if suddenly contemplated by any of
the tellers or clerks, was cut off.

"Where could the money have gone?" was
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They gave up the search, the vaults were
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Noon came and still the missing package
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Some of the employees, who usually go
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down their pens and put on their hats and
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every one belonging to the bank must stay
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The bank is closed to the public at 3 p. m.
each day, and the clerks and tellers are
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The missing money was not recovered
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None of the tellers or clerks objected to
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